a sea-shore, assembling to cheer and to watch, to sing and to mourn; now happy, now sad, now adoring, now menacing, struggling to reach a film-star's presence, massed, sombre, without walls behind which a platform is to be dropped, a rope tightened and a limp corpse left dangling, then pressing forward to read the notice announcing what has been done; besought to eat this, drink that, become beautiful in such a way, rich in such another, to journey to strange lands, wear such garments, be healthy and masterful by such means, have such desires- many faces, coagulating, then dispersing, each to some familiar corner, swallowed up by some door, little lights lighted, shining like stars, and then put out one after the other, only street-lamps remaining, and silence and darkness amidst which separate faces sleep, inscrutable.

Who shall venture to say of these sleeping faces, 'Thus they are, and thus!', counting and classifying them, habits all observed, opinions all taken, required calories estimated, earnings computed? What an impossible task to construct one face which comprehends all the others, taking a feature here, a feature there and fitting them together. What an equally impossible task to break one chosen face down, distributing its components as a compositor uses type. If all pursuits be noted, films which delight, football-pool coupon filled in with a £xint expectation that great wealth will result, desires balloted and tabulated, even dreams known, secret longings to enfold as flesh what was seen only as shadow, to escape into strangeness and danger, no longer

alone, surrendering to a tide of emotion—still the mystery remains. Pursuits and longings added together, do these constitute a man? Subtracted, is nothing left? Lambeth-walking, Hitler-hissing, Deanna Durbin-loving, wireless-listening biped, existing on this earth for a little while, and then legs no more dancing, lips no more hissing, heart no more loving, ears no more hearing, eyes no more seeing; for ever incomprehensible.